

OUR YOUNG FOLKS PAGE

The Charmed Iron Pot

A FAIRY STORY FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

Far, far away, in a country none of us have ever seen, there happened once upon a time a very peculiar thing. And you will know what it was if you read this story.

In the country of which I speak there lived a small tribe of people who kept themselves apart from the other tribes about them. This special tribe of which I am going to write were peace-loving, simple folk, who wished to live in harmony. The other tribes about them were warlike and cruel, robbing and killing each other ruthlessly. And this peaceful tribe had been pushed farther and farther into the rugged mountains which formed a great chain across the entire country. These mountains abounded with wild animals of prey, and gave forth little in the shape of food for the poor human beings who were forced to seek shelter among them.

The chieftain of the tribe was a fine man of sympathetic nature. He had a son who would some day take his place as head of his people. Every member of the tribe did his part to keep love and peace among them.

One cold April day the tribe fled from a rather comfortable valley lying between two rugged mountains, for a blood-thirsty tribe was in pursuit of them. The feeling band of sufferers found a series of well-hidden caves, and into them they took refuge. The largest cave, in which a man might stand to his height without striking his head against the top was set aside for the chieftain's use. His wife, son and daughter were with him.

When all were settled peacefully for the night, campfires having been lighted in the caves and the openings where the smoke might escape, the weary chieftain, whose name was Goodman, threw himself before the fire and fell asleep. His son, Hannon, by name, and his daughter, Sadeth, by name, were holding a whispered conversation further within the cave.

Their good mother was preparing a fishnet for a stream in the mountains on the following morning, and that he might catch some fish there with the net. Not a morsel of food had any of the tribe tasted since the early morning, and not a handful of food had they carried with them in their flight. Everything they owned had been left for the enemy, who had they found nothing worth while in the valley, would have followed them even to the top of the barren mountains. So hunger was gnawing at the vitals of each member of the homeless tribe.

As Hannon and Sadeth sat whispering, they may as well know what they were saying to each other.

"Did you ever hear our Grandmother tell of the fairies and sprites?" asked Sadeth.

"Yes, and I have heard others tell of the fairies," whispered Hannon in reply. "Good old Grandmother used to tell our father's grandfather many and many a time of the fairies. He said they kept mostly to the top of the mountains."

"We are almost in the top of the mountains," observed Sadeth. "Do you think there are fairies about us here?"

Hannon shook his head. "I cannot tell, my sister. But—perhaps they are near to us. I have been thinking that we—"

you and I—might steal out after the full darkness has fallen upon the earth and go seeking for the fairies. Should we find one, all our troubles would cease."

Sadeth smiled. She had always wished to see a fairy. And now that the thing seemed possible, she forgot her hunger and weariness and whispered eagerly: "Yes, my brother, we will go out in quest of a fairy."

Soon the chieftain's wife had finished mending the fish net and had gone to sleep in one corner of the cave. She lay on a bed of skins. Beside her was left room for her daughter, and in the farther corner stretched another animal skin on which her son should repose. The chieftain would remain on the hard floor by the cave's mouth. He never cared for the comfort of a skin or of soft, dead leaves. They were for women and children.

"Now is our time to go," whispered Hannon, taking his sister's hand in his own. "Come."

Together the two children crept out of the cave and walked a few paces away from the cave's mouth. But there they paused, for a little cleft of steam was rising just in front of them. It came from among a clump of bushes. The children stood aghast, for since they could remember they had been running from enemies and feared every thing they saw which was not at the instant explainable.

But of a sudden a voice from the bushes spoke: "Fear not, my children. Only a fairy has come to help you."

Hannon and Sadeth clasped each other's hands and laughed softly for very joy. "Oh, how could a fairy have known we wanted her?" whispered Sadeth.

"I know everything that happens in the mountain tops," said the voice. "Come here and partake of food, for you are weak and hungry."

Hannon and Sadeth went into the bushes and there found a small iron pot full of boiling vegetables and fresh fish.

When dawn threw her soft light over

the mountain tops the next morning Hannon and Sadeth were wide awake before their parents were astir. They jumped up and called to their father, then to their mother: "Come, wake, our father and mother! There is a surprise awaiting you in the bushes."

Then they told the story of the fairy and the supper in the little iron pot. Their father, the chieftain, said: "You have been dreaming, my son and daughter." But, nevertheless, he followed them to the clump of bushes, and there beheld the steaming iron pot.

"Food enough for the smallest children," said the chieftain. "The older folks must wait till the men can catch some fish and find some honey." Then he called for the children of the tribe to come, and they were brought by their parents to where the pot was boiling.

And after the little earthen bowls which they carried were filled, the pot was found to remain as full as before. So the larger children and the mothers were called to eat, and after their bowls had been filled, the little iron pot remained just as full as before, refilling as fast as a bowl of the rich broth was dipped out.

"A magic pot," declared the chieftain. "A good fairy has taken pity on us—in our hour of need—and has furnished us with food to hush our hunger, and to keep us well and strong."

"And every day, till you have enriched the mountain soil, will there be a boiling pot in these bushes." So spoke the voice from the trees just over their heads.

And that day the men of the tribe set to work to dig into the soil to enrich it, and they planted the seeds of vegetables which they found growing on the mountain and that were good for man to eat, and when the summer came the mountain was a garden of the good which furnished the tribe with food. And the lakes and streams had an abundance of fish.

Hannon and Sadeth found a small iron pot full of boiling vegetables and fresh fish.

When dawn threw her soft light over

the mountain tops the next morning Hannon and Sadeth were wide awake before their parents were astir. They jumped up and called to their father, then to their mother: "Come, wake, our father and mother! There is a surprise awaiting you in the bushes."

Then they told the story of the fairy and the supper in the little iron pot. Their father, the chieftain, said: "You have been dreaming, my son and daughter." But, nevertheless, he followed them to the clump of bushes, and there beheld the steaming iron pot.

"Food enough for the smallest children," said the chieftain. "The older folks must wait till the men can catch some fish and find some honey." Then he called for the children of the tribe to come, and they were brought by their parents to where the pot was boiling.

And after the little earthen bowls which they carried were filled, the pot was found to remain as full as before. So the larger children and the mothers were called to eat, and after their bowls had been filled, the little iron pot remained just as full as before, refilling as fast as a bowl of the rich broth was dipped out.

"A magic pot," declared the chieftain. "A good fairy has taken pity on us—in our hour of need—and has furnished us with food to hush our hunger, and to keep us well and strong."

"And every day, till you have enriched the mountain soil, will there be a boiling pot in these bushes." So spoke the voice from the trees just over their heads.

And that day the men of the tribe set to work to dig into the soil to enrich it, and they planted the seeds of vegetables which they found growing on the mountain and that were good for man to eat, and when the summer came the mountain was a garden of the good which furnished the tribe with food. And the lakes and streams had an abundance of fish.

Hannon and Sadeth found a small iron pot full of boiling vegetables and fresh fish.

When dawn threw her soft light over

the mountain tops the next morning Hannon and Sadeth were wide awake before their parents were astir. They jumped up and called to their father, then to their mother: "Come, wake, our father and mother! There is a surprise awaiting you in the bushes."

Then they told the story of the fairy and the supper in the little iron pot. Their father, the chieftain, said: "You have been dreaming, my son and daughter." But, nevertheless, he followed them to the clump of bushes, and there beheld the steaming iron pot.

"Food enough for the smallest children," said the chieftain. "The older folks must wait till the men can catch some fish and find some honey." Then he called for the children of the tribe to come, and they were brought by their parents to where the pot was boiling.

And after the little earthen bowls which they carried were filled, the pot was found to remain as full as before. So the larger children and the mothers were called to eat, and after their bowls had been filled, the little iron pot remained just as full as before, refilling as fast as a bowl of the rich broth was dipped out.

"A magic pot," declared the chieftain. "A good fairy has taken pity on us—in our hour of need—and has furnished us with food to hush our hunger, and to keep us well and strong."

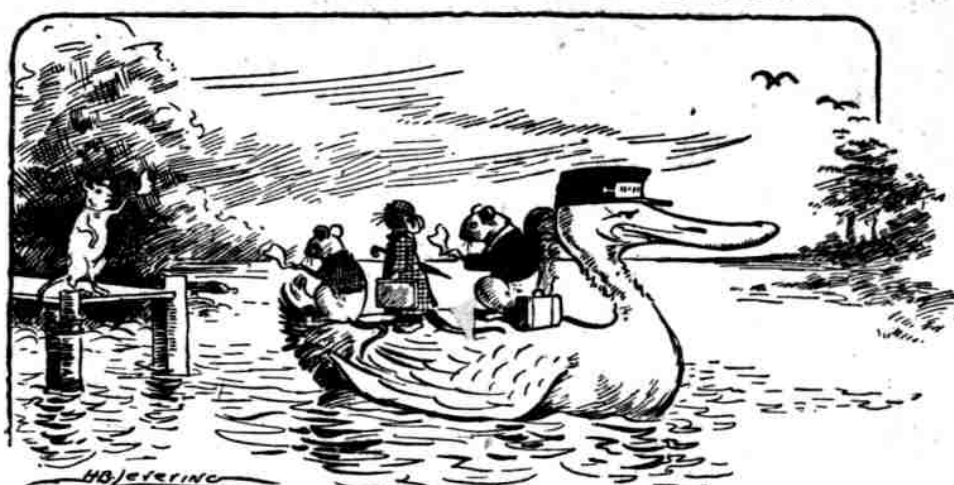
"And every day, till you have enriched the mountain soil, will there be a boiling pot in these bushes." So spoke the voice from the trees just over their heads.

And that day the men of the tribe set to work to dig into the soil to enrich it, and they planted the seeds of vegetables which they found growing on the mountain and that were good for man to eat, and when the summer came the mountain was a garden of the good which furnished the tribe with food. And the lakes and streams had an abundance of fish.

Hannon and Sadeth found a small iron pot full of boiling vegetables and fresh fish.

When dawn threw her soft light over

AN ENTERPRISING DUCK



THIS duck when his money was lacking
Could earn not a cent by his quacking
For a method by which
He could soon become rich
His brain he was constantly racking.

The flavor of the food filled their nostrils and whetted their appetites. They soon ate their fill and turned to thank the fairy who remained invisible to them.

"Come again in the morning, my children, and bring with you all your tribe. There will be food for each and every one here in this iron pot."

Hannon and Sadeth dropped to their knees and thanked the good fairy for her merciful kindness, promising to bring the members of the tribe with them at the break of day. Then they ran into the cave and soon fell asleep on their beds of animal skins.

When dawn threw her soft light over

the mountain tops the next morning Hannon and Sadeth were wide awake before their parents were astir. They jumped up and called to their father, then to their mother: "Come, wake, our father and mother! There is a surprise awaiting you in the bushes."

Then they told the story of the fairy and the supper in the little iron pot. Their father, the chieftain, said: "You have been dreaming, my son and daughter." But, nevertheless, he followed them to the clump of bushes, and there beheld the steaming iron pot.

"Food enough for the smallest children," said the chieftain. "The older folks must wait till the men can catch some fish and find some honey." Then he called for the children of the tribe to come, and they were brought by their parents to where the pot was boiling.

And after the little earthen bowls which they carried were filled, the pot was found to remain as full as before. So the larger children and the mothers were called to eat, and after their bowls had been filled, the little iron pot remained just as full as before, refilling as fast as a bowl of the rich broth was dipped out.

"A magic pot," declared the chieftain. "A good fairy has taken pity on us—in our hour of need—and has furnished us with food to hush our hunger, and to keep us well and strong."

"And every day, till you have enriched the mountain soil, will there be a boiling pot in these bushes." So spoke the voice from the trees just over their heads.

And that day the men of the tribe set to work to dig into the soil to enrich it, and they planted the seeds of vegetables which they found growing on the mountain and that were good for man to eat, and when the summer came the mountain was a garden of the good which furnished the tribe with food. And the lakes and streams had an abundance of fish.

Hannon and Sadeth found a small iron pot full of boiling vegetables and fresh fish.

When dawn threw her soft light over

the mountain tops the next morning Hannon and Sadeth were wide awake before their parents were astir. They jumped up and called to their father, then to their mother: "Come, wake, our father and mother! There is a surprise awaiting you in the bushes."

Then they told the story of the fairy and the supper in the little iron pot. Their father, the chieftain, said: "You have been dreaming, my son and daughter." But, nevertheless, he followed them to the clump of bushes, and there beheld the steaming iron pot.

"Food enough for the smallest children," said the chieftain. "The older folks must wait till the men can catch some fish and find some honey." Then he called for the children of the tribe to come, and they were brought by their parents to where the pot was boiling.

And after the little earthen bowls which they carried were filled, the pot was found to remain as full as before. So the larger children and the mothers were called to eat, and after their bowls had been filled, the little iron pot remained just as full as before, refilling as fast as a bowl of the rich broth was dipped out.

"A magic pot," declared the chieftain. "A good fairy has taken pity on us—in our hour of need—and has furnished us with food to hush our hunger, and to keep us well and strong."

"And every day, till you have enriched the mountain soil, will there be a boiling pot in these bushes." So spoke the voice from the trees just over their heads.

And that day the men of the tribe set to work to dig into the soil to enrich it, and they planted the seeds of vegetables which they found growing on the mountain and that were good for man to eat, and when the summer came the mountain was a garden of the good which furnished the tribe with food. And the lakes and streams had an abundance of fish.

Hannon and Sadeth found a small iron pot full of boiling vegetables and fresh fish.

When dawn threw her soft light over

the mountain tops the next morning Hannon and Sadeth were wide awake before their parents were astir. They jumped up and called to their father, then to their mother: "Come, wake, our father and mother! There is a surprise awaiting you in the bushes."

Then they told the story of the fairy and the supper in the little iron pot. Their father, the chieftain, said: "You have been dreaming, my son and daughter." But, nevertheless, he followed them to the clump of bushes, and there beheld the steaming iron pot.

"Food enough for the smallest children," said the chieftain. "The older folks must wait till the men can catch some fish and find some honey." Then he called for the children of the tribe to come, and they were brought by their parents to where the pot was boiling.

And after the little earthen bowls which they carried were filled, the pot was found to remain as full as before. So the larger children and the mothers were called to eat, and after their bowls had been filled, the little iron pot remained just as full as before, refilling as fast as a bowl of the rich broth was dipped out.

"A magic pot," declared the chieftain. "A good fairy has taken pity on us—in our hour of need—and has furnished us with food to hush our hunger, and to keep us well and strong."

"And every day, till you have enriched the mountain soil, will there be a boiling pot in these bushes." So spoke the voice from the trees just over their heads.

And that day the men of the tribe set to work to dig into the soil to enrich it, and they planted the seeds of vegetables which they found growing on the mountain and that were good for man to eat, and when the summer came the mountain was a garden of the good which furnished the tribe with food. And the lakes and streams had an abundance of fish.

Hannon and Sadeth found a small iron pot full of boiling vegetables and fresh fish.

When dawn threw her soft light over

HIS ferry boat idea was clever;
The passengers crossing the river
Were levied a dime
For the trip each time,
And soon he was richer than ever.

The flavor of the food filled their nostrils and whetted their appetites. They soon ate their fill and turned to thank the fairy who remained invisible to them.

"Come again in the morning, my children, and bring with you all your tribe. There will be food for each and every one here in this iron pot."

Hannon and Sadeth dropped to their knees and thanked the good fairy for her merciful kindness, promising to bring the members of the tribe with them at the break of day. Then they ran into the cave and soon fell asleep on their beds of animal skins.

When dawn threw her soft light over

the mountain tops the next morning Hannon and Sadeth were wide awake before their parents were astir. They jumped up and called to their father, then to their mother: "Come, wake, our father and mother! There is a surprise awaiting you in the bushes."

Then they told the story of the fairy and the supper in the little iron pot. Their father, the chieftain, said: "You have been dreaming, my son and daughter." But, nevertheless, he followed them to the clump of bushes, and there beheld the steaming iron pot.

"Food enough for the smallest children," said the chieftain. "The older folks must wait till the men can catch some fish and find some honey." Then he called for the children of the tribe to come, and they were brought by their parents to where the pot was boiling.

And after the little earthen bowls which they carried were filled, the pot was found to remain as full as before. So the larger children and the mothers were called to eat, and after their bowls had been filled, the little iron pot remained just as full as before, refilling as fast as a bowl of the rich broth was dipped out.

"A magic pot," declared the chieftain. "A good fairy has taken pity on us—in our hour of need—and has furnished us with food to hush our hunger, and to keep us well and strong."

"And every day, till you have enriched the mountain soil, will there be a boiling pot in these bushes." So spoke the voice from the trees just over their heads.

And that day the men of the tribe set to work to dig into the soil to enrich it, and they planted the seeds of vegetables which they found growing on the mountain and that were good for man to eat, and when the summer came the mountain was a garden of the good which furnished the tribe with food. And the lakes and streams had an abundance of fish.

Hannon and Sadeth found a small iron pot full of boiling vegetables and fresh fish.

When dawn threw her soft light over

the mountain tops the next morning Hannon and Sadeth were wide awake before their parents were astir. They jumped up and called to their father, then to their mother: "Come, wake, our father and mother! There is a surprise awaiting you in the bushes."

Then they told the story of the fairy and the supper in the little iron pot. Their father, the chieftain, said: "You have been dreaming, my son and daughter." But, nevertheless, he followed them to the clump of bushes, and there beheld the steaming iron pot.

"Food enough for the smallest children," said the chieftain. "The older folks must wait till the men can catch some fish and find some honey." Then he called for the children of the tribe to come, and they were brought by their parents to where the pot was boiling.

And after the little earthen bowls which they carried were filled, the pot was found to remain as full as before. So the larger children and the mothers were called to eat, and after their bowls had been filled, the little iron pot remained just as full as before, refilling as fast as a bowl of the rich broth was dipped out.

"A magic pot," declared the chieftain. "A good fairy has taken pity on us—in our hour of need—and has furnished us with food to hush our hunger, and to keep us well and strong."

"And every day, till you have enriched the mountain soil, will there be a boiling pot in these bushes." So spoke the voice from the trees just over their heads.

And that day the men of the tribe set to work to dig into the soil to enrich it, and they planted the seeds of vegetables which they found growing on the mountain and that were good for man to eat, and when the summer came the mountain was a garden of the good which furnished the tribe with food. And the lakes and streams had an abundance of fish.

Hannon and Sadeth found a small iron pot full of boiling vegetables and fresh fish.

When dawn threw her soft light over

the mountain tops the next morning Hannon and Sadeth were wide awake before their parents were astir. They jumped up and called to their father, then to their mother: "Come, wake, our father and mother! There is a surprise awaiting you in the bushes."

Then they told the story of the fairy and the supper in the little iron pot. Their father, the chieftain, said: "You have been dreaming, my son and daughter." But, nevertheless, he followed them to the clump of bushes, and there beheld the steaming iron pot.

"Food enough for the smallest children," said the chieftain. "The older folks must wait till the men can catch some fish and find some honey." Then he called for the children of the tribe to come, and they were brought by their parents to where the pot was boiling.

And after the little earthen bowls which they carried were filled, the pot was found to remain as full as before. So the larger children and the mothers were called to eat, and after their bowls had been filled, the little iron pot remained just as full as before, refilling as fast as a bowl of the rich broth was dipped out.

"A magic pot," declared the chieftain. "A good fairy has taken pity on us—in our hour of need—and has furnished us with food to hush our hunger, and to keep us well and strong."

"And every day, till you have enriched the mountain soil, will there be a boiling pot in these bushes." So spoke the voice from the trees just over their heads.

And that day the men of the tribe set to work to dig into the soil to enrich it, and they planted the seeds of vegetables which they found growing on the mountain and that were good for man to eat, and when the summer came the mountain was a garden of the good which furnished the tribe with food. And the lakes and streams had an abundance of fish.

Hannon and Sadeth found a small iron pot full of boiling vegetables and fresh fish.

When dawn threw her soft light over

GREAT ARTISTS AMERICA

BENJAMIN WEST was born near the town of Springfield, Chester county, Pa., on the 10th of October, 1793. The house in which he first saw the light still stands on what is now the campus of Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.

The Wests were Quakers, or Friends, a sect that thought the drawing of pictures a frivolous pastime, if not wicked. Knowing this, the little Benjamin made his first pictures in secret. It was only by chance that his mother happened to discover the talent of her son. The following story is quoted from a reliable biographer:

"What is she doing, Benjamin?" A small boy turned in evident confusion and tried to conceal some object on the far side of the chair from his mother, who had suddenly entered the room. Behind her came a younger woman, and both stood looking quietly, but not unkindly, down upon the child.

"Answer me. What is she doing, Benjamin?" said the mother a second time. "Nothing," stammered the boy, coloring a vivid red.

"Show me what is in the hand," she commanded. The lad obeyed. He expected punishment, no less, for the awful thing he had done. His mother took the square of paper and eyed it closely. It contained nothing more than a crude drawing done in red and black ink. She handed it over to the younger woman with the exclamation: "Look, daughter, I declare he has made a likeness of little Sally!"

The young woman looked at the picture and then at the baby as it lay asleep. "I believe that is whom it is intended for," she assented, smilingly.

"Of course, it is. See the mouth and eyes, and even the dimple!" She showed the boy how to draw, Benjamin!

The boy, seeing no immediate punishment, plucked up courage to reply: "No, body, I just made it up. His mother shook her head and smiled quietly at her daughter. "I don't know what the Friends would say to such like," was all she said.

When Benjamin was in his seventh year he was sent to school in the nearby town of Springfield. On his way to and

from school he passed the corner of a great forest, from whose shadows there often emerged Indians who came to trade with the settlers. The Quakers had made friends with the natives, and it was a common thing to see the schoolchildren stopping on their way from school to hold converse with the red men. They would show the wondering Indians their books and slates and explain as best they could



Benjamin West.

their uses. One day Benjamin showed an old red man a crude drawing he had made on his slate. It was of a bird among some flowers. The Indian showed signs of great pleasure, and gave the little artist some bits of yellow and red pigment which he used to color his body with. Benjamin ran home with beating heart and beaming face. On showing the colors to his mother she gave her no idea, and from her laundry supplies she brought to him a piece of indigo. And thus he was possessed of the three prime colors—red, yellow and blue.

But when attempting to lay on the colors by wetting them he discovered another need—the necessity of a brush. Just as he was figuring in his mind some way of providing the brush the pet cat entered the room. Immediately a thought flashed through Benjamin's mind. And almost as suddenly he had clipped the hair from poor Tabby's tail, tied the soft stuff to the end of a tiny stick and, presto, presto! he had a brush.

It was sometime later that a relative of the Wests came from Philadelphia to pay them a visit, and was shown Benjamin's attempts at painting pictures on scraps of paper with the aid of crude colors and a cat-hair brush. He was quick to note the boy's genius, and on his return to Philadelphia sent a full outfit of paints, brushes and canvas to the struggling little artist.

On account of the lack of space the details of Benjamin West's rapid advancement in his art cannot be fully written of. He first studied in Philadelphia, not only his drawing and painting, but took a thorough course in college as well. He became a cultured man as well as a great genius. When about 22 he had the good fortune to go to Rome. There he resided in the old masters, making great strides in his work also. Thence to London, where he was counted one of the greatest of painters.

Benjamin West died in London in 1850, and was buried in St. Paul by the side of Sir Joshua Reynolds. England and America joined in mourning for the man who had honored both.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER

WORD SQUARE.

This square contains four words of four letters each. The words are spelled both from left to right, and from top to bottom, each word appearing twice. The first word is the name of a fruit; the second, knowledge gained from tradition or legend. The third, garden vases used for holding vines and flowers. The fourth, a meal partaken of by army officers and soldiers.

REDS.



CURTAININGS.

1. Triply curtained a small, domed and windowed roof and get a drinking vessel.
2. Curtail a long ringlet and get a mongrel dog.
3. Curtail a plant whose thorns bark is used for making cordage and leave the fish to a lady's dress.

PICTURED WORD PUZZLE.



If the above pictured words are rightly guessed, it will be found that their initial letters will spell a sentence of the week.

How the Boys April-Fooled Old Aunt Hannah.

IT WAS nearing the first day of April. Harry McGuire and Frank Lincoln were sitting in the formers' den. They had just come from school and Frank was spending half an hour with his chum before going on to his father's office. The school term upon April Fool's Day. "Say," cried Harry, "let's play a joke on some one. It's great sport. Whom shall it be? Not our parents, for they are too wise. The thing is a knowing shrug of the shoulders. He remembered a previous April Fool's Day,

and a certain happening. His father did not yield jokes. He was the victim. And Harry found it out.

"None, we mustn't play jokes on our parents," agreed Frank. "Nor must we play one on our teacher. She'd probably get even with us before the week was out. Gee, Miss Jackson is clever!"

"As clever as she is fine," said Harry. "She's one teacher in a thousand. I think lots of her, too much to play an April Fool's joke on her."

Just then there came a tap on the door. To Harry's call, "Come in," the door was pushed gently open, and an old negro woman's grinning face peeped in.

"Laws, Harser Harry, youn ma done wants to know if you're going to go ridin' 'this evenin'." Four pence's worth of red restles at her jaw's paws as paws in his hand.

"Sure, Aunt Hannah," replied Harry, smiling at his mother's old and trusted servant. She had been in the household since Harry's advent into this life, and she loved "dat mischievous chile" very dearly. And Harry returned